

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









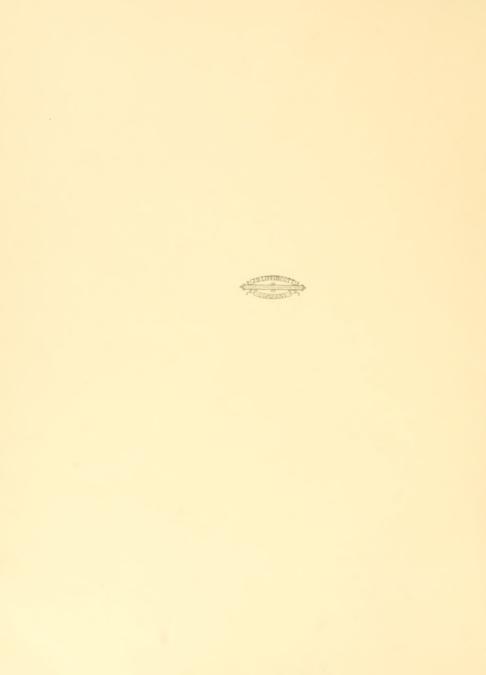


















A POEM BY M.B.M.TOLAND

*AUTHOR OF "IRIS," "SIR RAE," * *
"ONTI ORA," "THE INCA PRINCESS," *
"EUDORA", "ÆGLE AND THE ELF," ETC., ETC.

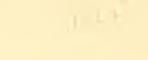


FROM DRAWINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS



PHILADELPHIA

J.B.LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
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Frontispiece Drawn by W. HAMILTON GIBSON.
"In tints opalescent the airy flecks play" Page 14 Drawn by WM, T. RICHARDS.
"O'er valleys and cañons and bold bluffs between"
"O'er shoulders a mantle was gracefully hung"
"" Come, tell me, what good do those pale Padres bring?"" 30 Drawn by F. S. Church.
"On gossamer wings lightly butterflies soar"
"C'Twas my part to lead them; but thou hast me led"
"'Neath sycamore hoary, in mission retreat"
"Low knelt the good Padre, entreating in prayer"
The Padre Baptized the new child" Drawn by Francis C. Jones 55

Decorations in the Text modelled by John J. Boyle.





ī.

In chronicles ancient, traditions still score
Their mystic,
Artistic,

And fabulous lore.

11.

While seeking such myths in this glorious clime,
With pleasure
To measure
The ripples of rhyme,

111

This Indian legend was found to unfold

The wild ways

Of those days

A century old.

W.

Since fathers Franciscan this country explored.

While preaching

And teaching

True faith in our Lord,

١.

Came Padres, who valiantly dangers would brave.

Their cause blest

By conquest,

The heathen to save.

10

LEGEND LAYMONE.



VI.

Some natives were won from idolatry soon,
While others,
Their brothers,
Still worshipped the moon,

VII.

Enthroned on high heaven, surrounded by stars,

With fair face,

Benign grace,

Through peace and wild wars.

11



VШ.

Old sorcerers studied its phases by night Through changes And ranges Of magical light

LEGEND LAYMONE

1X

Its course during ages, by silvery rays,

Unsealing,

Revealing

Its long-hidden ways.

Χ.

This land of the South is like Eden, so fair,
Inviting,
Delighting
In luxuries rare:

XI.

Pacific its waters, with waves flowing free,
Arraying,
Displaying,
The charms of deep sea;

VII

Cool ephyrs intoning low-voiced evermore
Are litting
And drifting
Foun-webs the beach o'er

X111.

In tints opalescent the airy flecks play
With rainbows
Of bright glows
O'er bubbles of spray:

MIV.

While sparkle the white-crested surf-rifts upon.
The ocean.
In motion
To azure line drawn!





LEGEND LIVIONE

7.1.

Where welkin embraces our view on the west

O'er waves bright

With sunlight

Or moonbeams at rest.

XVI.

Sierras encircle this beautiful strand,
Enclosing,
Reposing
On broad, fertile land;

TLAX

Majestic, their highest peaks mantled with snow;

Through veil sheen

Of mist, seen

From valleys below.



VOI.

O'er this range. Chief Zā'nā, in sport-loving cheer.

A young brave.

Much time gave.

To hunting the deer.

VIV.

One bright, balmy morning, while chasing his game.

Ascending

Ways wending.

O'er summit he came.

LEGEND LILLIONE

XX.

When lost were the curveting deer from his view
While speeding
And leading
The tangled pass through.

XXI.

Perplexed that the game could thus vanish from sight,

No covert

To hide sport

Assisting their flight;

XXIL

Thus standing, he gazed with elated surprise
O'er scenes rare
Outspread there.
Enframed by the skies:

MONTH IN THE

11111

O'er valleys and canons and bold bluffs between
All cragged,
Steep, jaggéd,
Each mystic ravine.

11//

Where sentinels silent, like guards in command—
Tall cacti,
Stiff, stately.—
Impressively stand:

111

Where murmuring brooklets, with sallying sweep,

Meander

And wander

Through wild dingles deep)





LEGEND LAVMONE.

XXVI.

Embracing the waters of river below In rimples

And dimples

With soft, gurgling flow;

XXVII.

When, suddenly startled, the hunter espied
A young deer
Without fear
Approaching his side.

XXVIII.

Quick seizing his bow, out an arrow he drew,
Scarce staying
The slaying,
When burst on his view



1111

Nuh lúte-soo, a young squaw while climbing that way.=

Called quickly,

In Monqui.

"Tis mine! Do not slay!"

171

Down dropt his drawn bow with a quivering thrill:

Then spake he
Laymone,

Demanding her will,

LEGENT LIYMONE

XXXI.

"Ha! comest thou here, like a queen, to command?

A deer tame

Is no game.

To fall by my hand.

XXXII.

""Tis thou that hast baffled my sport of to-day:

The game met

With thy pet

And vanished away."

XXXIII.

In faltering accents she timidly said,

"Forgive me!

My fawn he

Through mountain-pass sped."

110111 L133/111

VIXXIV.

And, while she was speaking, her large hazel eyes

Were glancing,

Enhancing

His waking surprise:

1227

With joy at his safety, the young deer caressed,
While flushes,
Warm blushes,
Confusion expressed.

TYXXX.

O'erclouding her pleasure, she felt the dismay
Of marplot
To game sought
By chieftain that day.





TLAXXX

Lithe, sylph-like her form, in its wild woodland grace;

Light, airy

As fairy,

With bronze, comely face;



XXXVIII.

The beauties of nature eclipsing all charms

Of necklace

In coy place

Or bracelets on arms;

11111

Her delicate apron,—fine fibres of reeds,—

Her net fair

O'er black hair,

Her collar of beads;

NΕ.

From mother-of-pearl, with small shells and fruit stones,
All stranded
And banded
In clustering zones.

XLL.

O'er shoulders a mantle was gracefully hung
Of fox-skins,
By clasp-pins
To ornaments strung.





XLII.

Her youth, dusky beauty, perfection of mould,
Attracted,
Distracted
The chieftain's heart cold.

XLIII.

At peace with her tribe, he could bend to his will

This young squaw

With stern law;

Yet felt his heart thrill.

XLIV.

To braves of Laymone such feeling was strange,
Arising,
Surprising,
His thoughts to derange.

100

An impulse intruded within the chief's breast Awaking.

Partaking

Of wish unexpressed.

XIVI.

Subdued by her manner, so modest, refined, For strict rule Of church school Had cultured her mind,

XLVII.

He gazed on the young squaw as never before.

This new thought

Response brought

That sanctity wore.

XLVIII.

She shrank from his glances,
more tremulous still,
While great fear
And dread drear
Her heart's pulses thrill;

116/10/11/10/1



XLIX.

As slowly he gathered spear, quiver, and bow,
In bold pride
By her side
Down rough steeps to go.

L.

Wild wishes arose while thus wending his way,—
Ideal
With real,
Fond fancies at play.

14

LI.

A chieftain was he of the primitive race,

His warm hue

Like bronze new;

Tall, manly in grace.

LII.

When midway down mountain-pass paused they awhile;

Then spake he

Words gently,

With softening smile:

111

"Come tell me, what good do those pale Padres bring?

Their banners

Strange manners.

Have changed everything.

IIV.

"Far grander the forms of our feast praises made. With eagle, In regal, Imposing parade.

ΙΝ.

Uplifted by priest in the great circle, where

We braves prance

With glad dance

Of thanksgiving prayer.





LEGEND LIYMONE



LVL

"Divine is the eagle! our messengers sent
With joy praise
Of feast days,
Expressing content.

1. 6/ 1/ / / / / // //

1 \ 11.

"This spirit released, to Great Spirit above
Each token
As spoken
He bears with our love.



1 VIII

"Then why dost thou follow such mystical creed?

Their priesthood

Is no good,

Nor such do we need."



LIX.

Confused by his questions, she answered, "They teach
A good life
Without strife,
And holy words preach.

LX.

"The reverend Padres will make plain to thee
Our praise pure
And faith sure,
As they have taught me."

11-11-11-11-11

 $L \times L$

The while she was speaking, sweet musical strains

Came nearer

And clearer

In rhythmic reframs

EXIL

Gay medleys a mocking-bird charmingly sung.

His trilling

Tones filling

With mimic notes rung.

LITZ

The lark's song enchanting, the wood-dove's soft coo.

Combining,

Entwining

His roundelay through.

LXIV.

When ended the chant, on the brave's upturned face
Audacious
With gracious
Expression found place.

777.1

While waving his hand at the songster, asked he, "Can priests sing.

Or songs bring,

Like this melody?

LXVI.

"How happy birds flutter on wings ever light!

No teacher,

No preacher

Disturbing their flight.

Line I Dell War

13511

The land of our fathers, the Indian's pride, With mountains And broad plains, Big waters beside.

INVIII.

"See triple-tiered mountains, green, violet, blue,
Ascending
Till blending
Sky-tints with their hue."

ZIZ.

To stiff Spanish dagger palm pointing, he said, "Tall towers,
Flag flowers,
Float over each head.

LXX.

"See, guarded by nature, each leaf like a spear;

What dangers

Meet strangers

Who venture too near.

LXXI.

"We thus should stand guarded, by night and by day.

Alertly,

Expertly,

Keep strangers away.



/ , \// /// //

LANII.

Our lands are all beautiful, blooming, and bright
Sweet flowers
Form bowers
Enhancing delight

LXXIII.

"On gossamer wings lightly butterflies soar.

The bees dip

And sweets sip

From honey-dews' store.

LIXXIV.

"The humming birds flitting o'er sweet eglantine
Will not miss
The light kiss
Where blossoms entwine.





LEGEND L.ITMONE.

LXXV.

"Then why come the strangers? With new gods they bring Delusion,
Confusion,
And change everything.

LXXVI.

"Their coming I've watched, and still study them well;

Our lives free

As birds, we

In pleasure should dwell."

LXXVII.

Again sang the bird with a wild rhapsody,—
Sweet twitters
With flitters
On wings flying free.

Pleased smiles lit the faces of both as they heard The brave spake "For my sake Be free as that bird!



LXXIX.

"For while it was singing, a light from thine eyes

Caressed me,

Impressed me,

Awaking surprise.

LXXX.

"Nuh-lûte-soo, I love thee! How strange this all seems!

Thy pleading

Glance leading

Through wandering dreams.

LXXXI.

"What name did they call thee when taken away
From tribe rule,
To strict school
In pompous display?"



LVVVII

"Twas Ynez, when christened, they called my new name:

With water

The daughter

Of church I became."

LXXXIII.

He sadly sighed, "Ynez, how changed thou art, too!
From life wild
A church-child
Devoted and true.

LXXXIV.

"Thy Padre must know that, arrested by thee,

This hand stays

Its wild ways

Of cold cruelty.

LXXXV.

"My tribe is now plotting revenge; for they feel

The Padres

Have strange ways

Our treasures to steal.

11171111111111111

111111

"Twas my part to lead them, but thou hast me led

To pleasures

Full measures

Through peace' path instead."



TAXXXII.

Then, lowering his voice to a whispering tone,
"On next moon,
That comes soon,
The torch will be shown,





LEGEND LIVINONE

LXXXVIII.

"Unless I prevent it. For thy sake I will
Warn Padre,
And this way
My duty fulfil."

LXXXIX.

Anxiety clouded her brow o'er with grief,

Then vanished

As banished

By smile of relief,

XC.

This promise had kindled her gratitude warm,

Like sunbeams

When hope gleams

Through uplifting storm.

Vi.L.

His manner so gracious, she felt unrestrained

By doubts dread

For fear fled

With confidence gained.

XCII.

Together, descending declivities steep,

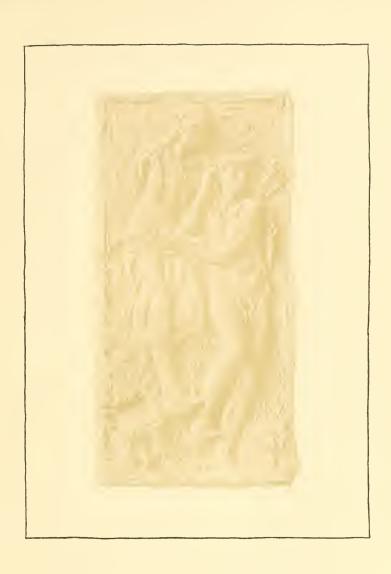
Through passes,

Tall grasses,

Of mountain-range steep!

XCIII.

Awaking warm pulses of love's dawning ray, Inciteful, Delightful, While wending their way.





LEGEND LAYMONE.

XCIV.

The deer, now released from restraint, sportive fled
With ambles
Where brambles
Through craggy pass led.

ZCV.

They entered a valley with stream purling there,

That ran on

Through cañon

Of wild beauties rare.

1 6 1 1 1 1 1 W V

Neath yearnore hoary in mission retreat Sat reading, Unheeding The sound of their feet.







LEGEND LAYMONE.

XCVII.

Good Padre Junipero Serra, oppressed

By great care,

Absorbed there

In studies, the best.

XCVIII.

To Vnez his greeting was fatherly, kind,
With blessing
Caressing
This child, pure in mind.

XCIX.

He welcomed the brave with a genial tone, Smiled, saying, "Not paying Thy visit alone? A Christian hat i (c) thee to seek ii... its well,
By faith sure
We souls lire
In church love to dwell.

CI.

"Yes," answered the brave, with her mild, modest way
She spelled me
And held me
From death dealing fray.

11

"Thy enemies many next moon change await

For uprise

And surprise

With long brooding hate.

LEGEND LAIMONE

CHL

"To shatter this mission with massacre dire,
In hot haste
To lay waste
By torture and fire."



 $(-1)_{i,j}$

Low knelt the good Padre, entreating in prayer

That Jesu

Would guard through

The dangers dread there.

٧.

Then smiled, as if angels in answer had brought
On fleet wings
Glad tidings,
Protection he sought.

C V L.

The sun's setting rays saintly halos o'erspread,
Soft shimmers,
Gold glimmers,
Encircled his head





LEGEND LAYMONE

CVII.

Like chaplet of heavenly radiance, beamed

Far brighter

Than mitre

Or jewelled crown gleamed.

CVIII.

Arising, he spake to the brave: "Thou hast said
"Twas Ynez
Gave impress
To save us that led

CIZ.

"Away from vile plots, causing thee to confess,

Thus bravely,

And save me

Our mission to bless.

10

Such service bath won a reward. Take the share New claimant.

Of raiment.

That converts must wear.

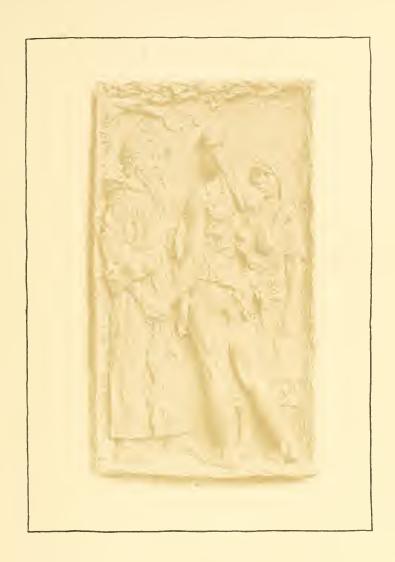
CNL

"Speak" Tell me if thou hast another wish still
Ungranted,
Yet wanted?

I'll gladly fulfil."

C \ \ 110

Yes, answered the brave. (thy new faith let me try)
That blesses,
Impresses.
Like eagle praise high!





LEGEND LIVINONE

CXIII.

"Canst thou with church waters make me good and pure?

Can chief be
From sin free
In holy faith sure?"

CXIV.

The Padre replied, "We will gladly receive

And christen

Thee: listen

To words and believe."

CXV,

Like Jesu's disciples in wilderness wild, In like way The Padre Baptized the new child.

LKV.

Loren, o the name when baptized be received

With new life

Above strife

From vile plots relieved.

CXVII.

Arrayed in new garments, Nuh-lute soo he claimed.

By her side

With glad pride

His heart's wish he named.

CATHE.

Then earnestly pleading, "Good Padre," he said, "Please plight us, Unite us, We wish to be wed.





LEGEND LAVMONE

CXIX.

"Together we willingly wait thy command;
In this place
By thy grace
We suppliant stand."

CZZ.

Of Ynez the Padre benignantly asked,
"Doth thy love
His wish prove,
For service so tasked?"

CXXL

She artlessly answered, with warm, winsome way,
"Lorenzo
Hath said so:
His wish I obey."

110/11/11/11

(111)

The sunset in glory illumined the west With gold gleams

And rose beams

Of ruby rays dressed.

(XXIII

When Padre united in wedlock the pair,
Impressing
His blessing
Their duties to share.









To the courtesy of Don Antomo F. Coronal and of Colonel J. J. Warner I am indebted for an account of La Fiesta del Gavilan, or the Eagle Feast of the Fall, the Thanksgiving ceremonies held by all Indians in this country every autumn.

Eagles are scarce in California: therefore he who entraps an eaglet is most fortunate.

The bird is considered divine by the Indians, and is carefully kept until ready for the sacrifice, when the fortunate captor invites all the neighboring tribes to unite in the grand feast.

A large square is enclosed by brush, where congregate the Indians for a general merrymaking of seven days. On the evening of the seventh day a wise man of the tribe (the priest or medicine-man) stands in the centre of a large circle of braves, holding the eagle high, that all may see their messenger divine. The braves dance and chant jubilant songs of praise-prayers with petitions.

The other Indians are gathered round the interior circles, adding their petitions and praise, which the priest repeats to the eagle. At the close of their prayers the eagle droops his head, and, without a struggle or even thater of his war is materially able. The part to receive be not the tar it is not continued in the most all their waveness and proverprise

Colone Warner or eased that the more room wheth much have been trived by a meaning to operation of the wise man or one or indefined to the cube adequatere on has a red too som

From Costum John Moron 5, so mistly cut I deal from Leto-Recryation I learned that during the cerear at time were two too. Inch in children borns are the pre-crime of the feart, whether that had bready received beptismal name or not. By the empire the hidren are they afterwards known among their tribe.

I an indebted for valueble information to the Right Revered I. O'Connell, Fitalar Bishop of Joppa, and to the Rev. F ther I. Varia V.G. Les Anjeles, for his most it teresting translation of the life of the Very Reverend Padre Junger) Serra, from the Spanish by Father Pakin.





















